

reclaimed child of the forest with the unreclaimed child of the slums; the painted brave on the warpath with the smooth and polite scoundrel of our society; and you will find very little cause to feel over-proud at the comparison. You will discover some redeeming features in the Indian's moral physiognomy where none exists in his white brother. Therefore it is a case of *Medice, cura teipsum*. Before such a society can cope with difficulties of the Indian problem, it will have to do something in its own behalf.

Facts.

THE ABBOT'S BREAD.

It happened all so very long ago—

This sweet old legend of an ancient time,—
I fain would pluck it from forgotten dust,
And let it bloom anew within my rhyme.

In a fair valley once a famine came;
For five long months no drop of rain fell there,
And with the famine came a dreadful plague
Which with its poison filled the heated air.

First little children and the feeble died;
Then strong men perished, stricken as they fled,
And all the people who could leave their homes
Crept to the Abbey doors, and begged for bread.

"Give," said the Abbot; "it were ill indeed
One to deny while yet we have a store,
For never yet in twice a hundred years
Hath one gone hungry from this Abbey's door."

Death had been busy in the Abbey, too;
Day after day came forth the mournful train
Of chanting brothers, bearing to the tomb
Some dear companion which the plague had slain,

Until of all the order there were left
Within the ancient Abbey's sacred pale,
But the good Abbot and his faithful dog,
And one lay-brother, old and worn and frail.

They nursed the sick, they shared their store of food,

Though it grew less and less, until one day
Their final loaf, cut in three equal parts,
Scanty, yet all upon the table lay.

There came a ringing at the Abbey gate;
And waiting there a fainting stranger stood.
"My father," said the poor lay-brother then,
"A wayfarer is here who begs for food."

"Give him my share," the Abbot said and smiled;
When suddenly the great bell rang once more,
And the lay-brother came again to say,
"Another beggar at the Abbey door."

Then the good Abbot looked upon his dog,
And gently placed his hand upon his head,
"My little brother," said he tenderly,
"Give to the hungry man thy piece of bread."

Yet once again the Abbey bell clanged loud,
And there a hungry beggar stood once more.
To the lay-brother then the Abbot said,
"My son, for Christ's sake feed His hungry poor."

The Abbot looked upon the empty board.
"God will provide for man and beast," he said;
And then he blessed them while they waited there,
And man and beast went supperless to bed.

Next morning when the poor lay-brother woke,
He saw, close anchored by the Abbey's side,
A stately barge, laden with wine and bread,
Which rose and fell on the incoming tide.

"God hath provided!" then the Abbot cried.
With trembling hands he blessed the precious store,

"And God be thanked, no wayfarer need yet
Be turned in hunger from our Abbey's door."

The winter passed, springtime and summer came,
With rain and sunshine, till one happy day
The whole wide valley brimmed with light and joy,
For on its breast a ripened harvest lay.

Long years the Abbot dwelt in that fair vale,
Loved by the people, by all strangers blessed,
For still he turned no weary soul away
Who to the Abbey came for food and rest.

At last God took him, for one summer morn
His brethren found him on his pallet, dead,
But in that valley still they tell the tale
Of the good Abbot and his Blessed Bread.

FORGIVE US AS WE FORGIVE.

A young Pueblo Indian had killed a member of his tribe, and was on trial for the crime. The mother of the murdered boy was called upon to testify. As she stood upon the witness stand it would be difficult to imagine a more weird and unearthly appearance. She must have measured six feet in height, but extreme old age had bent the large shoulders, and the long, bare lank arms and coarse hands told of many a year of weary toil. Her face was haggard and lean, and the scanty grey hair straggled over her brow and almost hid the vivid gleam fitfully imparted from her deep set, dark eyes. The house was full of spectators, and a group of